

## Self Destructive Zones

### Drive-By Truckers

It was 1990 give or take I don't remember  
When the news of revolution hit the air  
The girls hadn't even started taking down our posters  
When the boys started cutting off their hair  
The radio stations all decided angst was finally old enough  
It ought to have a proper home  
Dead fat or rich nobody's left to bitch  
About the goings' on in self destructive zones

The night the practice room caught fire  
There were rumors of a dragon headed straight for Muscle Shoals  
"Stoner tries to save an amplifier"  
And it's like the dragon's side of the story is never told  
When the dream and the man and the girls hang around long enough  
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To make you think it's coming true,  
It's easier to let it all die a fairy tale,  
Than admit that something bigger is passing through

The hippies rode a wave putting smiles on faces,  
That the devil wouldn't even put a shoe  
Caught between a generation dying from its habits,  
And another thinking rock and roll was new  
Till the pawn shops were packed like a backstage party,  
Hanging full of pointy ugly cheap guitars  
And the young'uns all turned to karaoke,  
Hanging all their wishes upon disregarded stars

My Granddaddy's shotgun is locked in a closet  
And it never shot a thing that could have lived  
An old man decided that you couldn't choose your poison  
Till you're nearly old enough to vote for him  
They turned what was into something so disgusting  
Even wild dogs would disregard the bones  
Dead fat or rich nobody's left to bitch  
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